

General Turr and the Neapolitans.

"Did you have any difficulty with the Neapolitans?" I asked. "None," said Turr. "The following episode will give you an idea of our relations: Demonstrations were the order of the day I had only been governor of Naples two days when, looking out of my windows at the Palazzo Forestaria, I saw an immense crowd of about 10,000 persons coming along shouting, 'Death to the Bourbons! I sent out to invite three of the ringleaders to confer with me as to what they wanted and what it was all about. One of them was Gambardella, a great leader among the fishermen, who informed me that they wanted 400 Bourbons whose names he had down in a list and handed to me (scortically) I said: 'Gentlemen, pray sit down and let us discuss the question. Now what do you think Europe would say when it hears that under the government of Garibaldi and Gambardella 400 Bourbons have been killed?'"

"But, my lord general," says he, "do you not know the way in which we have been treated? I myself have been in prison and received 35 blows with a stick." "Why, my friend, I said, 'that is the very point. For having committed such like brutalities the government of the Bourbons has fallen. And if we imitated their example all we should prove is that we ourselves are unworthy of liberty. With these and similar words I succeeded in soothing their rage and from that moment Gambardella placed himself at the head of a new movement—in those days every one had to be at the head of some movement—and was in the habit of making me his counselor and acting according to my advice. Garibaldi got to know him later and liked him very much. But one morning the poor man was stabbed in the street."—Contemporary Review

Proud of the Capital.

The people of the country are fond of their capital. More than the Washingtonians themselves, they have seen the wonderful progress of Washington, for by visits at intervals, some of them extending over years, they have met with some contrasts which tell the story to the spectator more thoroughly than constant living in the city could do. In different parts of the country we have heard people discuss the growth of Washington with pride and relate the comparisons of their various visits. The man who was there 10 or 20 years ago and who goes again this year takes a tale back home which he never tires of telling.

And not only will Washington have so rival in the sense of competition, but it is destined to be beautiful beyond any other city or any other capital in the world. What has been done is simply an earnest of what is to come. It will be the capital of society as well as politics. Art and education will follow, and already it is a fact that more learned and authoritative men can be gathered in an audience in that city than anywhere else in the country. In fact, Baltimore is glad to be so near Washington.—Baltimore American.

The Fullness of Country Life.

In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature, a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its innocent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift and its sublime danger and in every process of wise husbandry and every effort of contending or remedial courage. The wholesome passions, pride and bodily power of the laborer are excited and exerted in happy union. The companionship of domestic and the care of serviceable animals soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unobscured fortitudes, while the divine laws of seed time, which cannot be recalled, harvest, which cannot be hastened, and winter, in which no man can work, compel the impatience and coveting of his heart into labor too submissive to be anxious and rest too sweet to be wanton.—John Ruskin

The Home of a Genius.

Beethoven was born in a small house in Bonn. His father had inherited the vice of drinking and often Beethoven and his younger brother were obliged to take their intoxicated father home. He was never known to utter an unkind word about the man who had made his youth so unhappy and he never failed to resent it when a third person spoke uncharitably of his father's frailty.

Young Beethoven was thus taught many a severe lesson in the hard school of adversity. But his trials were not without advantage to him. They gave to his character that iron texture which upheld him under his heaviest burdens.

The Process of Elimination.

"I have just seen the man you are looking for," said the excited citizen to the detective.

"Where?"

"In the suburb where I reside."

"I am much obliged to you," replied the detective as he took out a map and crossed off a space on it.

"Are you not going to send a man out there?"

"There would be no use of that. He is too smart to stay in the same place long. Still, your information helps me. It points out a spot where we can be pretty sure the criminal is not."—Washington Star

Men Are Growing Bigger.

Recent athletic records show that our young men are surpassing their predecessors in nearly every line of muscular performance. It has been demonstrated, moreover, that the average American man has become taller by at least one inch within the last two generations, and that, compared with his European contemporaries, he has been steadily growing larger of limb, weightier in the scale, and, most significant of all, longer lived.—New York World.

The Great Dane Dog.

The Great Dane, the exhibition dog of today and growing every day in favor as a beautiful and biddable dog, is the modern representative of the bearhound. On the continent, where its Danish origin is repudiated, it is called the German mastiff, and under this head all its varieties are classed at shows, while in this country we call it the Great Dane and catalogue under that name all the varieties of German mastiff, so that, taking the one with the other, the dog comes by its rights.

It is a beautiful creature, this Great Dane, and gives the impression at once of both power and activity and its temper—look at its small, keen eyes—is exactly what one might expect from a dog of war and of the chase venerated with the elegancies of civilization, for it is equable and (de haut en bas) good tempered, but woe to the object that irritates it. The conciliatory stranger who goes to pat one as if it were a lap dog finds a great blunt muzzle thrust forcibly and roughly into his hand or perhaps into his ribs, as who should say: "All right, old fellow, I'm not going to hurt you. You needn't pat me and call me good dog." He never awaits your permission to make your acquaintance, but introduces himself without formality if he wishes to know you. Going through a narrow passage, a Great Dane will take up more than half the room. He does not drop behind like the elegant mannered St. Bernard with a polite "man before dogs" sort of air, but hustles you robustly for equal space. Not that he is a dangerous dog. He is simply a boarhound, a creature of immense strength and infinite courage and courteous only out of condescension.—Good Words

Telephones In Bed.

One of the most ingenious applications of the telephone is the portable form, which is known as the portable hospital telephone. Its particular use is to enable people in a sickroom in which an infectious disease is being nursed to communicate with the people in the rest of the house.

In hospitals this simple adaptation of the telephone to the requirements of the situation will be found invaluable, but an even greater field for its utility will be the private house.

The irksomeness of having some of the infectious diseases in a mild form is multiplied tenfold by the enforced seclusion of the patient, who is suddenly cut off from intercourse with the rest of the family. Now, by the mere addition of this little instrument to the furniture of the apartment, it is possible for a sick person to keep up a conversation with any member of the rest of the family, and in this way the tedium which is inseparable from the compulsory isolation may be relieved.

Furthermore, the nurse will by its means be saved a good many journeys, even in noninfectious cases, for she can ask for things to be brought to her at old times which in the ordinary course she would have to go for, or at least ring a bell and have some one come to the door to ask what she required.—Pearson's Weekly

A Human Printing Press.

General Joseph S. Smith of Maine tells how he published a paper without a press in Bath, Me., many years ago: "When I'd get my paper all set up and ready for the press, I'd lay the type on a washstand, get it all leveled down well in the chase, or the frame in which it was locked up, and then I'd call in the hired girl. She weighed about 210 when she sat down. That's what I wanted—sitting down weight. So, after the hired girl came in I tucked the type, laid over it the sheet of paper and on top of that the blanket, and then I politely invited the hired girl to sit down on the washstand. Two hundred and ten pounds, remember! The result was just as good an impression as you could get on any \$100 hand press made in the United States. My edition in those days was about 400 copies, and the hired girl was good for the job at one sitting—no, at 200 sittings. And she took an interest in it, too, and was just as ready for business every publication day as a \$20,000 Hoe perfecting press would be."

Inconvenient.

James Payn recalls that when young and romantic he agreed with a friend to ascend Helvellyn from Thirlmere to see the sun rise. The guide called them, as it seemed to Mr. Payn, in the middle of the night, and he quite agreed with his friend when the latter persuasively asked the guide, who was expatiating on the beauties of the dawn, "Don't you think that the sunset would be almost as beautiful?" This recalls the undergraduate who when rebuked by the dean of the college for not coming to morning chapel replied: "But 7 o'clock is such an inconvenient hour, sir. If it were 4 or even 5, one could sit up for it."

The Limit.

"You are a nice little boy," said the kindly old gentleman at the hotel. "Thank you," said Tommie. "Have you any little brothers?" "Yes," said Tommie. "I've got brothers to burn, but I'm rather short on papas. We've only got one."—Harper's Bazar

American Forests Disappearing.

A statistician computes that in 50 years time there will not be a single tree in this country. Each year it takes 500,000 acres of timber to supply sleepers for the railways.

Skirmishing.

He (cautiously)—If I should propose, would you say "Yes?" She (more cautiously)—If you knew I would say "Yes, would you propose?"—Rehebeoth Sunday Herald

There is an extensive trade carried on between Great Britain and Belgium in old, worn-out horses, which are shipped in a most pitiful condition to Antwerp and Ghent from English ports

Won on a Bluff.

"That case in Maine recalls an incident in my own experience," said the lawyer who profits largely upon the matrimonial troubles of others. "There was a rich widow living in the town where I began practice and after her weeds were discarded she was given over to the lighter ways of society. She was especially prone to flirtation at her favorite summer resort and her engagements there were held as lightly as those of the veriest summer girl. Her return home from a summer of unusual brilliance was followed in a short time by a respectable looking gentleman of 30 who showed his business qualities by walking into my office and putting down a handsome retainer before talking business."

"Now, sir, he stated with admirable directness, 'I want you to begin a \$50,000 suit against this wealthy widow. She gave me an unqualified promise of marriage and now refuses to make it good. Men have hearts to break and pride to humiliate, just as women have, and I propose to strike a blow for my sex.'"

"Would you compromise?" "Yes, in case you so advise, but not for less than half the sum named and a written apology from her. If it would help any in the matter of a settlement out of court, I have the affidavits of half a dozen poor devils that she has thrown over from time to time."

"The widow stormed and fumed and then capitulated. She couldn't face the prospect of having her foolish flirtations blazoned before the public. After she had wedded again and gone abroad my client made this admission to me: 'I was never engaged to that widow and had she proposed to settle by marrying me I would have run. I took chances on her forgetting just whom she did promise to marry and I won.'—Detroit Free Press

The First Cab.

Like the buses, cabs were introduced from Paris, but some ten years earlier, or, say, about 1830. Although its type was not at all settled, the cabriolet was a little, hood-shaped vehicle, quite above its axle, and therefore very high and difficult to get into. It was only intended to carry one passenger, though two slim ones who did not mind squeezing could generally manage to find room. The driver sat on a little shelf or perch on the right hand side, quite outside the body of the machine. This was an English innovation. In Paris driver and fare shared the same seat, and this was continued here for private cabriolets.

The ingenious Mr. Joseph Hansom, who was an architect of Hinckley, Leicestershire, however, bethought him in 1834 that if he used larger wheels and suspended the body of the cab between them, the vehicle would hold two easily, or three at a pinch, would balance better, be easier to draw, and safer if the horse fell. Further improved by putting the driver behind and the axle under the seat, the invention soon made its way, and by the fifties the hansom was as much the favorite cab of London as it is today. The original patent is dated Dec. 23, 1834.—Gentleman's Magazine

Only One Trouble.

After the young man had criticized the course of the prosecuting attorney at some length and had ended up by informing him what he should have done the latter grasped him warmly by the hand and remarked:

"It is evident that you have given this case considerable thought, Mr. Brown, and the arguments you advance in support of your position convince me that there is only one reason in the world why you should not even now be as successful a lawyer as I."

"And what is that?" asked the young man.

"You don't know as much."

As the young man slowly picked his way along the street he couldn't help wondering to himself whether it was really worth while to give so much valuable time to other people's business.—Chicago Post

Animals In Groups.

The ingenuity of the sportsman is perhaps no better illustrated than by the use he puts the English language to in designating particular groups of animals. The following is a list of the terms which have been applied to the various classes: A covey of partridges, a ride of pheasants, a wisp of snipe, a flight of doves or swallows, a muster of peacocks, a siege of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, a stand of plovers, a watch of nightingales, a clattering of clonghs, a herd or bunch of cattle, a flock of geese, a bevy of quails, a cast of hawks, a swarm of bees, a school of whales, a shoal of herrings, a herd of swine, a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen, a soulder of hogs, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions, a sleuth of bears, a gang of elk.

No Flaws In This Receipt.

There is a passage in the following paper which might strike the casual observer as something facetious, but he is assured that no such effect was in mind when the sentence was indited. The paper referred to is a receipt originally given by an enterprising firm of Harrisburg druggists, and the form used was in common vogue at the time. Thus it runs:

Received July 21st, 1776, of Mr. David Searlet, the sum of \$230, in full of all debts since the year One, when the Devil was a sneaking baby, up to this day, being after the restoration of Independence. F. N. T. O. N. & H. N. T. Longevity to Washington and God save the Congress.—Philadelphia Ledger

Not an Absolute Necessity.

"Only 14 quarts of milk for \$1 hereafter?" exclaimed Ardup. "Well, we'll simply have to quit taking it, that's all. We can't afford it. People can live without milk."

And Ardup's indignation was so great that he did not cool off thoroughly until after he had gone down town and spent 50 cents playing billiards.—Chicago Tribune

A Famous Old

At Alexandria, Va., stands an ancient church in nearly its original condition, Christ church, whose architect bore the name of Wren—not, however, Sir Christopher. It was completed in 1773. In November, 1766, the vestry, of whom George Washington was one, levied an assessment of \$1,185 pounds of tobacco to build two churches, Christ church being one. The specifications called for shingles of juniper, mortar to be two-thirds lime and one-third sand, and the pediments to be in the Tuscan, and altar, pulpit and canopy in the Ionic, order. Washington was the purchaser of pew No. 5, for £36 10s.

The old records show some curious entries: Two pounds ten shillings was collected of Bryan Fairfax in 1770 for "killing deer out of season," and Thomas Lewis was fined 5 shillings for "hunting on the Sabbath." The money thus collected went for the support of the poor, the lame and the blind, and buried the dead. The old records show that seats were assigned according to rank or for special reasons. One Susannah Edwards officiated as sexton, to the entire satisfaction of the congregation. The old edifice had neither chimney nor fireplace until 1813, foot stoves furnishing the only warmth. The most conspicuous families in the early history of Virginia were worshippers at Christ church—the Adamsons, Herberts, Custises, Blackburns, Carlyles, Muirs, Broadwaters, Alexanders and others equally prominent.

General Robert E. Lee attended Sunday school and was baptized and confirmed in this church, and a tablet to his memory adorns the eastern wall.

During the occupancy of Alexandria by the Federal troops the rector and many of the parish fled within the Confederate lines. The church was held by the military authorities. A large mound in the churchyard marks the resting place of 34 Confederate soldiers who died in Federal hospitals in Alexandria.—Harper's Weekly

Chinese Conservatism.

Many tales have been told of the unwillingness of the Chinese to see the advantages of the introduction of the telegraph into China. A telegraph journal now adds to the number by the recital of an incident connected with the first cable along the coast from Peking to Shanghai. Soon after the cable was laid a lottery drawing came off in Peking, in which many of the residents of Shanghai held tickets. One of the gamblers so far overcame his distrust of the cable as to have the winning numbers sent him, and he bought the tickets bearing them from his more skeptical townsmen, realizing a small fortune on the transaction. Not long after there was a scanty crop of rice in the upper provinces, and a Shanghai merchant telegraphed to Peking instructions to buy heavily. The ultimate result was that he sold out at an immense profit and retired on an independency. By degrees it began to dawn on the Chinese that it was just as well not to tear down telegraph wires, as the telegraph was a fairly good thing to have around.

A Peculiar Optical Illusion.

A correspondent of a photographic journal, in speaking of the special interest that attaches to the Roentgen rays among photographers, who often are not in a position to invest in elaborate and expensive sets of apparatus, says it is not generally known that by means of a very simple optical illusion an almost perfect imitation of the wonders of radiography can be shown without the trouble and expense of induction coils, tubes or fluorescent screens. All that is necessary is to take a small feather from a pheasant or turkey and holding it close to the eye look through the radiating ribs at the end of the feather at the fingers of the hand held up toward the sky or against the window. The flesh of the fingers will then appear to be transparent, with the opaque bone running down in the center, as shown by the true radiograph. If it is desired to exhibit the phenomenon by gaslight, a piece of ground glass must be held in front of the flame to diffuse the light.

More Lives Than a Cat.

This is an inscription on a marble slab over a grave at Green Bay: "Dien sur tout. Here lies the Body of Lewis Galdy Esq. who departed this life at Port Royal the 22nd December 1739 aged 80. He was born at Montpelier in France but left that country for his Religion and came here to settle in this island where he was swallowed up in the great Earthquake in the year 1692 and by the Providence of God was by another shock thrown into the Sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a Boat took him up. He lived many years after in great Reputation Beloved by all who knew him and much Lamented at his death."—Notes and Queries

Trouble Enough.

"Well, prisoner," said the judge, "if you have anything to say, the court will hear you."

"I'd rather be excused, your honor," replied the prisoner. "If I said what I'd like to say, I'd be committed for contempt of court, and I've got trouble enough without that."—Harper's Bazar

The Time of Meeting.

"Meet me in the key of G," said a musician to his friend.

"What time will that be?" asked the friend.

"At 1 sharp," replied the musician, and he went out alone into the deep, dark night.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Heat of the Earth.

Lord Kelvin contends that the earth might be white hot 2,000 feet below the surface or as cold as ice 50 feet below without changing our present climate. He attributes the intensely hot climate of an earlier age to greater heat of the sun.

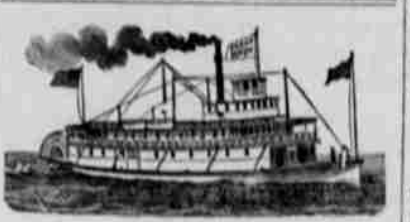
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